

THE
Johnson Journal



Mid-Winter Issue, 1939

THE JOHNSON JOURNAL

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In Memoriam

Johnson High School as well as the whole town was saddened by the passing of Miss Annie L. Sargent on December 11. Annie L., as she was called by all who knew her, taught at Johnson High continuously for fifty-four years, twenty-nine years of which she acted as principal. She was an excellent teacher and a remarkable woman and was loved and revered not only by her one-time students, but by all who knew her.



EDITORIAL



STUDENT GOVERNMENT

Most schools now have student government. What is the reason for this, and is it a good thing? Students used to have to follow rules that the teachers made. Many times pupils resent what they call being dictated to by authoritative adults. You know how some adults can look down on and enjoy bossing young people. Students do not mind obeying rules as much when they make them themselves, choose the students to make them, or have some part in having them successfully carried out.

Making school laws and electing members of the student government body is very good practice in citizenship. It gives practice for our future law makers in making wise laws and having them carried out. It gives future citizens practice in wisely choosing our future law makers.

The student government body of our school is called the student council. It is made up of four members of the freshman class, six sophomores, and eight members each of the junior and senior classes. It is divided into various committees that have certain functions: the health committee, social committee, assembly committee, traffic and grounds committee, etc. As another part of student government, each class in the school has its officers. They are elected by the class and can call class meetings and expect the class to co-operate with them.

We can see that student govern-

ment is an effective factor in making the young people of the country realize the great value of democracy.

Mary Peel '39

PROPAGANDA

The subject of propaganda is becoming day by day more important. It is threatening the very thing for which the American people fought, democracy! From almost every nation in the world propaganda pours into our country. It not only threatens our country and its democracy, but it threatens the rights of the individual. For example, if propaganda becomes powerful enough there is a possibility, and a strong one, that the masses of people may unwittingly invite Communism or Fascism on themselves.

The causes of propaganda are varied and widespread, but the more important ones follow: first, belligerent leaders of foreign nations who are attempting to spread their power throughout the world by the use of propaganda; second, racial hatred, such as exists between the Germans and Jews, very little of which has any basis of fact; third, people in our own country and foreign countries who would benefit if propaganda should cause revolutions and rebellions. Heading this last group are munition makers, whose only aim in life is to live through a great war so that the sale of the vicious products may soar to new heights.

Propaganda's chief danger lies in

the fact that it spreads falsehood. It does this either by telling direct lies, or by distorting the truth beyond any possible recognition. While racial hatred is the cause of much propaganda the reverse is also true. Propaganda starts racial hatred where none previously existed. In summing up the effects of propaganda it can be safely said that for every person it benefits it harms a million.

What can be done to combat this thing which is menacing us? Propaganda is a hard thing to fight, since it has such a tremendous start, but two things can be done. Men who are willing and able to fight should unite their forces against it. Also, the people must be taught the dangers of propaganda, and be given the true facts on public questions so that they may recognize propaganda for what it is.

Philip Young '39

WHY STUDY LANGUAGES?

Many times pupils in selecting courses reject those in which foreign languages appear. If they carefully considered, they might discover the following advantages in studying a foreign language. A foreign language aids in the understanding of the English language. This holds true especially in the case of grammar. The reason for this is that in studying a foreign language pupils are forced to learn all the important points of grammar anew. Naturally

this will improve their English. Another advantage is that their vocabulary is enriched. This is certainly an important point to consider, for who wouldn't like to have an interesting manner of speaking? The study of another language gives students, too, a fuller background of the history of other countries. Finally, people who study a foreign language are likely to find it useful in travel.

Ruth Curley '39

WHY STUDY HISTORY?

How often have we heard pupils say, "Gee whiz, I don't see why we have to study history. It's terrible." This is heard especially after marks come out. There is a reason for the study of this subject. When we get out into the world we shall help to run it. If we did not study history, we should not know the problems that would confront us or how to cope with them. History repeats itself; the same problems arise time and again. Ancient and European history are not concerned so much with our problems as American history, but they both give us a much needed background for the present in which we live. In history class, too, we have a paper called the *Weekly News Review*. If pupils did not get this paper many of them would not know what was going on around them.

John McLay '39



LITERARY



THE SCIENTIFIC SIGNIFICANCE OF SOUTH POLAR EXPLORATION

In all probability nothing of practical importance will ever come of the exploration of the frozen wastes

that surround the South Pole. Nevertheless such exploration is of the greatest scientific importance. This importance is comparable to the value of studying stars billions of

miles away. We care very little for the nature of such stars, and yet, when some new heavenly body is found we often consider it a momentous scientific discovery. The reason for this is to be found simply in man's desire to learn for the sake of learning. So it is with South Polar exploration. We are interested in the polar regions for the sake of learning. Then too, it is conceivable that some unsuspected discovery may be made which might possibly be of real practical value. However, the principal motive for such exploration is to satisfy man's natural curiosity, in the name of science.

One of the attractions which the South Polar regions offer to the explorer or scientist is the limited forms of life which are to be found there. Life existing under conditions such as these is interesting indeed. For a brief season bird life flourishes along the coast, but it is the primitive forms of plant life that are most interesting. It is a great curiosity indeed that life of any kind exists in this remote corner of the world.

The science of electro-physics also finds its attractions in the Antarctic. Here physicists may observe peculiar magnetic disturbances due to the close proximity of the South Magnetic Pole. The study of such magnetic phenomena, combined with the study of those strange and beautiful streamers, the "southern lights," should in themselves more than repay man for his labors in the field of exploration. Yet this is neither the strangest nor the most fascinating aspect of polar exploration.

The electrical significance of polar exploration is dwarfed by the geological significance. Polar rock formations are a constant source of interest to man, since within them, in the form of fossils, might be dis-

covered some prehistoric forms of life which may once have flourished. Then too, there is the possibility of discovering precious mineral deposits, such as coal and copper, which are already known to exist to a certain extent.

The mountain ranges too may have great geological significance. Certain peculiarities in their formations may reveal the entire story of how this desolate continent was born. They also greatly simplify the process of determining the extent of the land, a difficult task where practically the entire continent is buried beneath a vast covering of ice and snow.

Although nature may have endowed this region with great mineral deposits, the adverse weather conditions render them unworkable. Accordingly man generally displays a greater interest in these weather conditions than in the minerals themselves. Meteorologically, Antarctica is indeed a curious place. The temperature seldom rises to more than a few degrees above zero and is often far below that figure. This is one of the coldest and stormiest climates in the world. Blizzards occur frequently, especially during the long winter months. They are usually very violent and accompanied by rising wind and temperature. They sweep all loose snow and other objects before them, leaving nothing but vast sheets of glare ice in their wake. Most of them travel northward from the pole, swept onward by the prevailing winds. Evidence has been compiled that these winds exert a profound influence upon the weather of the entire southern hemisphere, and are thus of the greatest meteorological significance.

It can be seen, then, that several

important branches of science are affected by south polar exploration. Therefore in order to better benefit mankind, polar exploration must continue until all the mysteries of this strange land of ice and snow have been solved.

Robert Miller '39

COASTING

White the hill with sparkling snow,
Gleaming in the winter sun.
To the valley down below
Watch the coasters swiftly run.

Eyes are dancing, cheeks are rosy,
Up and down the children go,
Dressed in woolens warm and cozy,
Colors gay against the snow.

Here and there a sled o'erturning,
Rattles down the snowy way.
We remember homeward turning,
Coasting was such fun today.

Laurel Ayer '41

DURING THE STORM

Mr. Todd was his name—Mr. Herman Todd. He was a salesman by trade, and his line was ladies' hosiery. It must be confessed that Mr. Todd knew his hosiery. He could set forth with conviction, the advantages of lisle, mesh, crêpe, chiffon. Suntan, gun metal, midnight and sahara were as A B C to him.

To look at him, one would think Mr. Todd's probable occupation to be something quite different from anything as delicate and fragile as ladies' hosiery. He was a large man with large hands and feet. His face was quite swarthy, and he walked with great firmness and decision.

But Mr. Todd had a way with him. He was never turned away from a door, and once he was in, it was hard to get him out, for after he had set forth the selling points of his goods, and nine times out of ten

signed his customers on the dotted line for a good fat order, then he would expound certain theories. He would discuss with great heat our national war debt. He would dwell at length on the plight of the Jews in Germany, or he would solve a way out of the depression. There was nothing Mr. Todd could not talk about. Just that very morning, he had had a very stirring and earnest argument on the supernatural. His hostess was inclined to believe in it, and she cited many an instance to try to put some small atom of belief into her listener: how her cousin had appeared to her in a dream, and on the next day word of her death had been received; how an aunt of hers, long departed, appeared to her again and again, and seemed to be trying to tell her something, and in a few days, she had word of her uncle's death.

But Mr. Todd was a realist. He called a spade a spade, and when one was gone, he was gone. No, the lady did not get far in convincing Mr. Todd. However, he could not get the subject off his mind, and in between his calls, he found himself going over and over the conversation. He knew it was foolish, but somehow, it gave him a scary thrill to think over the things he had heard.

The day drew to a close, and Mr. Todd rejoiced. It had been very humid and sticky, and the air was stifling. There was no relief in riding in his car either, for even the breeze was hot. He could see dark thunder clouds, however, slowly piling up in the west, and the very thought of an approaching storm, came as a relief to him. He decided he would stop at the village hotel for a bite to eat before going on to the next town for the night. He then would be ready for an early start

in the morning. One must take advantage of the cool morning in the summertime. He drew up to the entrance of the town tavern, and parked his car. The tavern was typical of the village type. Guests were sitting on the porch, trying to keep cool. The men were in shirtsleeves, and the ladies were fanning themselves with newspapers, old fans, or almost anything to make a breeze.

Mr. Todd walked into the dining room and ordered a good, substantial meal. One must eat, even in hot weather, and his appetite never waned. As he enjoyed his steak and onions, he could hear the thunder still far in the distance, and the darkness was beginning to close in. If he hurried a bit, he would just about have time to have his meal, and get to the next town, which was about a half hour's ride away. He enjoyed riding in a good storm anyway. He liked to see the lightning zigzag across the sky, and he never minded the rain beating against the car. With plenty of gas in the tank, he felt so secure some way, and so powerful.

He finished his meal, and stalked out to the lobby, which was almost deserted. He bought a newspaper and a couple of cigars, and the clerk asked, "You're staying for the night, are you not?"

"No," said Mr. Todd, "I'm bound for Dixville. How far do you call it?"

"It's about half an hour's ride away, sir. Take you a bit longer in the storm."

And it surely was a storm. The rain was coming down in earnest, beating against the windows, and the thunder sounded like two warring nations.

As Mr. Todd hesitated, the clerk urged again, "Better change your

mind, sir. It sure is a nasty storm."

"No," again answered Mr. Todd. "I've ridden through quite a few storms in my time. Don't mind them a bit. Car's as tight as a drum, and I must be in Dixville early tomorrow morning." And he started for the door.

Before he had reached it, a tall, slender girl in a long, dark coat came toward him. She was wearing a hat and veil, and Mr. Todd could scarcely distinguish her features. He could, though, see that she was very pale, and that her eyes were dark and piercing. He got the impression that her hair was red. She spoke to him in a low, but distinct voice. "I heard you say you were going to Dixville. Would you mind my riding with you to the town?"

Mr. Todd was rather strangely affected, and an instinctive warning came to him, a sort of telepathic stop light, but he answered promptly that he would be glad to be of assistance on so stormy a night. For stormy it surely was. The thunder was booming without now, and the lightning was flashing brilliantly. Mr. Todd hustled his self-invited companion out to the car, and as he had his boxes of hosiery samples all packed on the front seat, he deposited her in the back. Then he jumped in the front, stepped on the starter, and they were on the road to Dixville. He asked her to what part of the town he could take her, and she answered distinctly, "33 Causeway Street."

On they sped through the storm, and Mr. Todd was so intent on his driving, that he could not engage his companion in conversation, so they went on in silence. About halfway to the town was a railroad crossing, and just as they came to it, the gates went down to let the ex-

press through. It roared like a demon, shrieking wildly through the storm. Mr. Todd stopped the car and waited, and then at the lifting of the bars, went on again. "Surely is a nasty night, isn't it?" he said. To his surprise he got no answer, and slowing down his car, he glanced around. The back of the car was empty. The girl was gone!

Mr. Todd's feelings can hardly be described. Fear, amazement, wonder—all these combined to make him uncomfortable. He decided, however, to travel on to the address she had given him, and relate to them there, his experience. He drove more slowly now, wondering as he rode. Without much difficulty, he found 33 Causeway Street, and he stopped the car. The house was rather dark, but at Mr. Todd's ring, the door opened slowly, and a man appeared. Mr. Todd told his experience carefully.

"Describe her to me," he said.

Mr. Todd did so, and the man's face grew white, and his eyes enormous. Then he spoke slowly and distinctly, and his words were terrible to hear. Mr. Todd trembled as he listened.

"That girl was my daughter," the man said. "She was killed at that railroad crossing a year ago to-night."

Marcia Barker '40

LANDON, THE PEERLESS GUINEA PIG

It is not my purpose to acclaim the late presidential candidate, but another far different person—Landon, the peerless guinea pig. I will try to dispel any tendencies to confuse the two Landons. Although our Landon's first initial was A also, his name showed more cosmopolitan tendencies, for it was Adolph Mussolini Landon, the Kickapotamus Junior. I

did not name him. But his name truly shows his broadmindedness.

He came to us about two years ago with a comrade, Roosevelt. We felt when this comrade died that it was just like him to do such an awkward thing. We feared that without his company Landon would pine away, but, on the contrary, he grew fatter. His everlasting contentment and resignation, which bore this blow so calmly, was one of the finest qualities of his character.

Yet contentment was only one of his distinguishing traits. My brother often said it was a shame to see such a charming, talented pig wasting his life in our cellar when he might have made such a mark for himself in the world. I think myself, however, that he delighted rather in quiet meditation than in the plaudits of the crowd, for often I have seen him motionless, thinking great thoughts. He was amply fitted for the life of an eastern sage surrounded by admiring followers.

His life was not devoid of all contact with the world. Often humans came to visit him, and on two separate occasions we saw him with animal visitors. Once it was a rat and once a cat. Probably he derived much amusement from their visits, for he had a keen sense of the ridiculous. If he had only been able to speak I am sure we would have heard much brilliant conversation, both witty and profound, but speech with him was like bravery, for although he possessed great powers in those traits he never had a chance to exhibit them.

No account of his life would be complete without a picture of his eating habits. Meals were a very important part of existence for him. Caesar, who liked the fat, would have liked Landon if he had known him.

It was a pleasant sight to see his golden coat against the background of Kenneth's black jacket, his jaws going incessantly, and to see the mincing steps he took to approach his lettuce. His diet was limited, but it kept him healthy almost to the last.

I will draw a veil over his death. We only knew that he was in good health, to all outward appearances, and then Barbara, going down to the cellar, returned with the sad news that he had passed away. We buried him simply but with sorrow, and it was fully twenty-four hours before Kenneth asked his father for another guinea pig. So a great soul left us.

Virginia Carvell '39

SNOW

Snow! Not just any snow, the first snow of the year!

I saw the first feeble flurries as I came out of a store on Essex Street. It was funny to watch the reactions of different ages.

The young folks were glad. Young faces lighted up; you could fairly see their heads reel with visions of coasting, skiing, skating, feel their pulses quicken to the thoughts of sleigh rides, snowball fights, tobogganing, all the joys of winter sports. Some of the old folks thought of that too, the kind that never grow old.

But most of the grown-ups' faces registered a dour picture indeed. You could read their thoughts if you tried.

"Humph, snow!" we hear them say. "Furnaces to fix, fuel bills to worry over, warmer clothes to dig out, (wonder if the moths got at my last winter's coat?) rubbers to struggle with. Bah! Why, oh, why must it snow!"

But we just laugh. Laugh at Old Man Winter. Laugh for pure joy. We're young and there's snow. Snow! Magical word! Hurrah for snow!

Phyllis Terret '42

HOW TO STUDY

It is possible—yes, I have seen it done—to study one's homework. In the year 19.., I saw someone apparently studying homework, and the marvel of it is that shortly afterwards he was able to answer a question in class. Thus I jumped to the conclusion that if everyone studied everyone could answer a question in class.

At last it occurred to me that if people only knew about it, if they only were aware of what it would do, they might study. So I decided to write a guide for them, and this is it.

In study periods studying is fairly easy, for there are occasions when there is nothing to do, and in that case studying would fill in the time nicely. These are the directions for studying:

1. Materials—(a) A little cotton; (b) Blinders; (c) a book to study.

2. Directions—(a) Put the cotton in your ears. Fasten the blinders near the eyes and open the book.

(b) Begin to study. This may be done by reading the book, although I find that if the book has very thin covers it is necessary only to gaze long enough on the outside of it.

3. Hints—It is just as well to stop writing notes, whispering, and tearing up paper at first. The blinders and cotton will eliminate much outside interference. Experienced students can.

Virginia Carvell '39



ATHLETICS



BOYS' BASKETBALL

Coach Cavalieri called out all basketball candidates on December 5. There was such a large turnout of boys that it was necessary to have two separate practice sessions, one for the younger group, and another for the older, more experienced players. After a few weeks of hard, almost daily practice, the varsity squad dropped to around a dozen men, among whom were lettermen Art Banker, Captain Charlie Foster, Gerald Callahan, "Bing" Miller, and Art Greenwood. The rest of the group is comprised of Ben Isherwood, Bill Lafond, Bill Driscoll, James Flannigan, Bob Cunningham, Americ Lanni, and Jimmy Yule.

ALUMNI

This was a fast, snappy game, with the Alumni, led by five former Johnson basketball captains, fighting hard to win. In the first half our passing was ragged; and the half showed the alumni close upon our heels, 19 to 14! Then the team really began to click. With Bing Miller, Gerald Callahan, and Capt. Charles Foster snaring the rebounds, Callahan and Banker guarding the flashy Alumni forwards, and Jimmy Yule bringing the ball up the floor, the varsity really went to town to the tune of 38-27.

ALUMNI		JOHNSON	
Roberts, lf		lf, Yule	
McEvoy, Coram, rf		rf, Foster (Capt.)	
Benson, c		c, Miller	
Lanni, Barwell, rg			
	rg, Callahan, Greenwood		

Foley, Evangelos, lg		
lg, Banker, Driscoll		
Bts.	Fl.	Pt.
5	0	10
7	1	15
6	1	13
0	0	0
0	0	0

CENTRAL CATHOLIC

The team successfully opened its season by defeating its age-old rival to the tune of 18-16. The game was very close and exciting, and both teams showed room for improvement in passing and shooting.

TEWKSBURY

Johnson played its first league game with Tewksbury High on their own floor. The Tewksbury team was very fast and powerful, and we were at a loss on the large floor. Then too, it was Friday, the thirteenth. The final tally showed 42 to 25 in favor of Tewksbury in spite of our desperate resistance.

METHUEN

Johnson dropped its second game to the powerful, visiting Blue and White. Methuen had an excellent defense that had our team stopped. We did our best, but lost 20-14.

FOOTBALL IN REVIEW

SWEATERS AWARDED

Shortly before the Christmas vacation sweaters were given to those senior boys who were eligible to receive them through their participation in football. These were: Tom Pendlebury, Arthur Banker, Bill Driscoll, George Martin, Americ Lanni, James Yule, Charlie Gillespie, and Manager Ken Brierly.

THANKSGIVING GAME

The football team closed its season with the annual Thanksgiving Day clash with Punchard. During the first part of the game, Johnson continually fought its way to scoring position, but costly fumbles and nervousness cost them their chances to score. In the meantime, Punchard had scored. The last half of the game was fairly even, but the final whistle showed a score of 18 to 0 in favor of our age-old rivals. The Johnson lineup was as follows:

Miller, Summers, le; Sullivan, Winning, lt; Gillespie, Driscoll, lg; Ranfone, c; Hall, Giragosian, rg; A. Lanni, rt; Martin, re; Banker, gb; Lafond, Doherty, lhb; Garneau, rhb; Greenwood, fb.

SEASON'S RECORD (football)

Sept. 17, Johnson 12, Howe 6
 Sept. 24, Johnson 6, Danvers 25
 Oct. 1, Johnson 6, Cen. Catholic 0
 Oct. 12, Johnson 0, Methuen 26
 Oct. 15, Johnson 19, St. John's 0
 Oct. 22, Johnson 27, Chelmsford 0
 Oct. 29, Johnson 0, Dover, N. H. 21
 Nov. 5, Johnson 26, Wilmington 6
 Nov. 11, Johnson 18, Manning 45
 Nov. 24, Johnson 0, Punchard 18.
 Total: Johnson 114, Opponents 147

The season's record shows five victories and five defeats, an average of 500%. The prospects for the next year's team are exceedingly good, since only a minority of this year's squad will be lost through graduation.

HOCKEY

A group of interested boys who are attending this school, or who have recently attended Johnson, have formed a hockey team and called it the "Johnson High Independents."

This is not a school team, but an independent team. The following lineup is probably the form that the team will take: Robert Slaughter, lw; Robert Binns, rw; Frank Hill, c; George Martin, ld; Clifford Garvey, rd; Phil Young, g.

Reserves: Ayer, Gillespie, Driscoll, Dill, Coram.

The team was very successful last year and has high hopes for a successful season. Circumstances permitting, they are planning to play such teams as: Brooks School, Lowell Textile Independents, Andover Town Team, Central Catholic Independents.

GIRLS' BASKETBALL

The Johnson High School girls' basketball team began a very successful season by defeating the Alumnae by a score of 37-12. Marcia Barker and Helen Polichnowski were the high scorers with 15 points each.

The passing attack worked to perfection, the ball always winding up under the basket. Of course a few easy shots were missed, as they always are, but this can be ironed out with practice.

The lineup was as follows:

JOHNSON	ALUMNAE
Barnes, Polichnowski,	
McNab, McRobbie, rf	
	rf, Phelan, McGregor
Mackie, McClung, Holz, lf	
	lf, Downing, Rennie
Barker, Dearden, Polichnowski, cf	
	cf, Rennie, Downing
McCallion, Kelly, Kennedy, cg	
	cg, Curley, Phelan
Maker, rg	rg, Fitzgerald
Cashman, Harrison, Earl, Peel, lg	
	lg, Sanderson, Dandeneau
Goals from floor: Barker 7, Polich-	

nowski 7, Mackie 3, Rennie 3, Phelan 2.

Goals from fouls: Barker 1, Polichnowski 1, Mackie 1, Rennie 2.

A peppy, but as we see now, overconfident, squad of girls invaded Tewksbury on, of all nights, Friday, the thirteenth. The game was fast and exceedingly clean. Johnson took the lead right away and held it almost to the end, only to be overtaken in the last period. The ball handling wasn't all it could have been because the offensive plays never quite reached the basket. But all this needs is practice. This defeat is all that is needed to bring them down to earth and from now on I think that we shall see some real basketball. The real stars of the game were Marcia Barker with five floor baskets, and Captain Maker excelling at defense. The score was 32-23 in favor of Tewksbury.

The lineup was as follows:

JOHNSON	TWKSBUY
Barnes, McRobbie, Polichnowski, rf	rf, Bekshaw
Mackie, lf	lf, Cooney
Barker, cf	cf, Marion, Scannell

McCallion, Harrison, cg

Cashman, lg cg, O'Rourke
 Maker, rg lg, Petraitis, Cote
 rg, Gelinas

Floor baskets: Barnes 2, McRobbie 1, Mackie 2, Barker 5, Bekshaw 7, Cooney 3, Scannell 4.

Foul Shots: Mackie 3, Bekshaw 3.

The Johnson Girls' team traveled to Billerica to play the Howe High girls, who, incidentally, were the champions last year of the Lowell Suburban League. Both teams played their hardest and the game certainly was exciting for both the players and the spectators. Johnson lost, 22-17.

The lineup was as follows:

JOHNSON	HOWE
McRobbie, Mackie, rf	rf, Freeman
Mackie, Barnes, lf	lf, Ward
Barker, cf	cf, Tintle, Westlund
Maker, Harrison, cg	cg, Barnard
Cashman, lg	lg, Hunter, Finnagan
McCallion, rg	rg, Raymond

Floor baskets: Barker 4, McRobbie 1, Barnes 2, Freeman 1, Ward 6, Tintle 2.

Foul Shots: McRobbie 2, Barnes 1, Freeman 1, Ward 3.



CHATTER



One morning Mr. Donovan chewed Aspir-gum and was sent to detention by English 4-2. However, said teacher forgot to "play up."

The Seniors really are lazy, aren't they? Remember the recess when no one would go around and open the Room 8 door? Miss Cook dared us to put it in the *Journal* to show how silly we were. Well, Miss Cook, you see we "took you up" on the challenge.

Horray for Mae Barnes! Some more of us ought to have as much spunk to stop in the middle of our talks, reprimand the rude, laughing boys in the front row, and then continue with the speech.

How those chaperons get pestered! Do you recall when Billy Amshey asked Miss Jensen if Irene Byrom could sit in his lap on that Weenie Roast outing?

Digging up past history, we find

that a certain senior, when she was a freshman, wanted to play basketball. But, to be sure, if she played, she said, she wanted to make all the touchdowns!

Mr. Donovan asked Irene Byrom what the secret of her success was. (She was sitting in the back row with a row of boys). He said she was a good example of perpetual motion. She hung in the middle and wagged at both ends.

The hope of the Senior boys: that there are not so many thumbtacks on the seats of success as on the seats of learning in Room 8.

George Page, why don't you get the rest of us rubber elastics? Are they really such good fun?

It's too bad Miss Cook hasn't got Mr. Cavalieri's lingo. Then a "bawling out" would be an education.

That peppermint stick ice cream made a hit with me (at the Freshman-Senior Dance) but it didn't go with Jimmy Nutter. He must be very particular! (Spoken by their well-known Freshman Reporter, E. M.)

Eleanor Kreusel and Neil Keating don't seem to be hitting it off so well lately. I guess Neil doesn't care for "swing" and Eleanor doesn't care for Neil's new shirt.

What member of the football team is going with a sophomore girl whose father is a policeman?

Recently in typewriting Miss Neal asked Shirley Harrison to say the Alphabet. We don't know whether she was embarrassed or tongue-tied or what, but she replied, "I don't know it!" We hope that by this time she has learned to say her A B C's.

And J. S. is still monopolizing R. C. at the dances. (And we don't mean Ruth Curley!)

Poor "Smitty" (of the Freshman Class) is becoming almost a permanent fixture in detention lately.

The Freshman Class recently acquired a new member. One Virginia Mitchell from Providence. (Hmm, not bad either.)

Heavens! That sun is blinding me. Oops! My mistake. It's only Jack McLay.

Let's hope Santa Claus brought Billy Driscoll an alarm clock.

Says Jimmy of Jimmy and Janet, "Still going strong!"

ASSEMBLY PROGRAMS

At an assembly program on Wednesday, November 16, the students were entertained and instructed by an illustrated lecture given by Russell Neville—The Cave Man. He is so called, not because he wears a leopard skin and looks like Tarzan, but because he is said to be more acquainted with American cave formations than any other living man. He was a personal acquaintance and friend of Floyd Collins who perished so tragically in a cave accident a few years ago. His colored pictures and descriptions of the Mammoth Caverns of America were very interesting.

Again, on December 7, we had an assembly program. This time we were much entertained by a talented cartoonist, Mr. Pith Parker, who could work magic with his crayons. We found he had a sense of humor as well as nimble fingers. During the course of the lecture he drew one picture which he claimed was Niagara Falls. We all twisted and turned and puzzled and figured but could find no resemblance. Finally he declared he was done and when we were still in the dark he turned it right side up. We found he had drawn a beautiful Niagara—upside down!

LAST FRESHMAN

OFFICER ELECTED

The Freshmen, who have elected their three class officers at three different meetings, finally elected Miss Jean Swanston as their secretary-treasurer.

CLUB NOTES

The Glee Club is planning either a sleigh ride or a hay ride depending on the weather.

At one of their meetings the Dramatic Club had tryouts for a play which they hope to present shortly. They also enjoyed a Christmas party.

The Hobby Club have been indulging in bridge and ping pong at their recent meetings. Latest reports say that Ruth Curley excels at ping pong and at bridge. Well to be tactful let's just let that pass. The club enjoyed a party at the home of Lois Pitkin around Hallowe'en and also a Christmas party complete with presents n'everything at Mary Peel's home.

The Chefs' Club made fudge at one meeting. We understand it was good although we weren't lucky so we can't speak from personal experience.

The girls' basketball club is planning a scavenger hunt to come off in the near future.

The sub-debs are very busy right now preparing an assembly program.

The Etiquette Club also celebrated with a Christmas party. At one of their meetings recently they discussed proper methods of introducing people.

A debate was held recently in the Debating Club between Downing and McKiernan, and Foster and Miller. Miller and Foster were the winners.

The Chemistry Club visited a paper mill recently.

JOHNSON ATTENDS

PRESS CONFERENCE

Look out! Revolutionary changes are imminent. Perhaps the *Journal* will be recognizable no longer! The truth is that fourteen representatives of the *Journal* staff attended a press conference at Northeastern University on Saturday, January 14. We went early and stayed late. Contrary to fearful expectations it was not boring but most interesting and inspiring. We are now all firmly planning to go into journalism for a career.

WEENIE ROAST HELD

On November 16 the Seniors and Sophomores went on a weenie roast at Berry Pond. We had a merry ride out on the bus and when, after much delay, the food was finally brought forth, it was immensely appreciated. Unfortunately, however, it turned very cold and the only warm spots were the bus and almost on top of the fire, which fact drove us home before long. After another decidedly hilarious bus ride we arrived safely back in town.

ALUMNI NOTES

Annette Silverstein '38 is now attending Burdett's in Boston.

Tom Sullivan '38 is now at Holy Cross College.

Rita Roche of the class of '38 is attending Bryant and Stratton in Boston.

Dorothy Sutton '38 is at Simmons College.

Isabelle Phelan is now in her second year at Jackson. We are glad to hear that she enjoys her work and gets good marks.

Allen Towne '38 is on the Freshman Honor List at Northeastern University for the first term.

FRESHMAN-SENIOR PARTY

A successful Freshman return party was held on Friday evening, December 9.

The party began with a ballet dance by Phyllis Terret accompanied by Mary Peel at the piano. During the course of the evening Evelyn Lee entertained with a monologue and Beatrice Britton favored us with a tap dance. The entertainers received hearty applause from all those present.

Hatch's Jig Jags provided music for the occasion.

At intermission, ice cream was served with cakes. Some of the Freshman boys certainly liked the ice cream???, which, by the way, was, "peppermint stick." The Freshmen without a doubt showed ability at "swinging" it.

COURT DECISION—GUILTY

Scene: The Johnson High School Court House.

D. A.: "Where were you on the evening of January 6?"

Defendant: "Why, uh, ur, I was at home in bed."

D. A.: "Aha! Then you, of your own free will, admit your guilt."

Defendant: "Why, uh, what am I guilty of?"

D. A.: "Of failing to go to the *Journal* dance, of course. Defendant dismissed. The case rests."

Judge: "In spite of the seriousness of the crime, I shall give you only a light sentence because the *Journal* dance was successful without you. However, the credit goes to the fine music (of Roland Russell's orchestra), refreshments, and gay decorations, not to you. Five years of hard labor and beware a second offense!

EXCHANGES

We are glad to welcome to our Exchange Column *Skool Nooze* from Randolph, Vermont. Congratulations for really unique ideas! Your poetry is especially good. A little more literary content and a little less humor would make your *Skool Nooze* even more interesting.

Rocks and Pebbles from Rockport, Mass. We extend our wholehearted praise to your literary section. Your crossword puzzles make your magazine interesting. The cartoons on the book cover called forth admiration and praise.

The Advance, Salem High School, Salem, Mass.

A magazine that is really worth reading. *The Advance* is well framed and complete in every detail. There are excellent Christmas poems.

The Cryptian, Crypt School, Gloucester, Mass.

We welcome with pleasure a newcomer to our exchange column. Your school news and literary work deserve much praise. Why not add a personal touch by editing a bit of poetry and humor?

Record, Newburyport High School, Newburyport, Mass.

The *Record* is a very fine publication. It is one of the best we have read. Your humor column found much favor among the students. Congratulations for 76 pages of work well done.

Green and White, Essex Agricultural School, Hawthorne, Mass.

We were very glad to receive a copy of your interesting magazine. Your literary section is exceedingly well done. We notice that Dorothy McGregor, an ex-Johnsonite, has contributed an interesting article to your magazine. Keep up the good work, Dot.

KRAZY KORNER

Definitions:

The spinal column: A collection of bones running up and down that keeps you from being legs clean up to your neck.—*Tech Voo Doo*.

A bore: A fellow who opens his mouth and puts his feats in it.

Intoxication: To feel sophisticated and not be able to pronounce it.—*Sat. Eve. Post*.

Baby: An alimentary canal with a loud voice at one end and no responsibility at the other.—*Readers' Digest*.

The good old days: When the prisoner, not the sentence, was suspended.—*Readers' Digest*.

Wit:

Oswald called a hammer a hammer till he hit his thumb with one.—*The Tech*.

Mr. Donovan: "Bill, what is a passive verb?"

Drick: "It's a verb in which the subject is the sufferer, such as, 'He was married to her.'"

A clothing store proprietor, asked how business was, replied: "Not so good. It looks like a sure fire proposition."

And from Germany: A Jew writes to a friend abroad: "We have a marvelous life under Hitler. Not a hair of the head of a Jew has been harmed. Atrocity stories abroad are lies. Uncle Max, who expressed the opposite opinion, was buried last week."—*Readers' Digest*.

Man (getting a shave): "Barber, will you please give me a glass of water?"

Barber: "What is the matter, a hair in your throat?"

Man: "No, I want to see if my throat leaks."

The salesman was trying to sell a fire extinguisher to a very old man. "This extinguisher is guaranteed for five years."

"But," said the elderly man, "I probably shan't be here that long."

"Then," said the salesman, "you can take it with you when you go."

The bitterest of these jokes comes from Vienna, where the officially recorded number of Jewish suicides now totals 2400.

Levi meets Cohen: "It's terrible, Moritz has committed suicide!"

"Well, why shouldn't a man take a chance to better his position?"

One of the briefest musical criticisms on record appeared in a Detroit paper: "An amateur string quartet played Brahms here last evening. Brahms lost."—*New York Times*.

Teacher: "How should you approach an editorial?"

Pupil: "With a blank mind."

Miss Green: "Miss Lang, give the principal parts of the verb gero."

Miss Lang: "Gero gere gessi"

Willis: "Guess again."

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